

November 20, 1942

## Copper Commando - vol. 1, no. 7

Victory Labor-Management Production Committees of Butte, Anaconda and Great Falls

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**COPPER**

# *Commando*

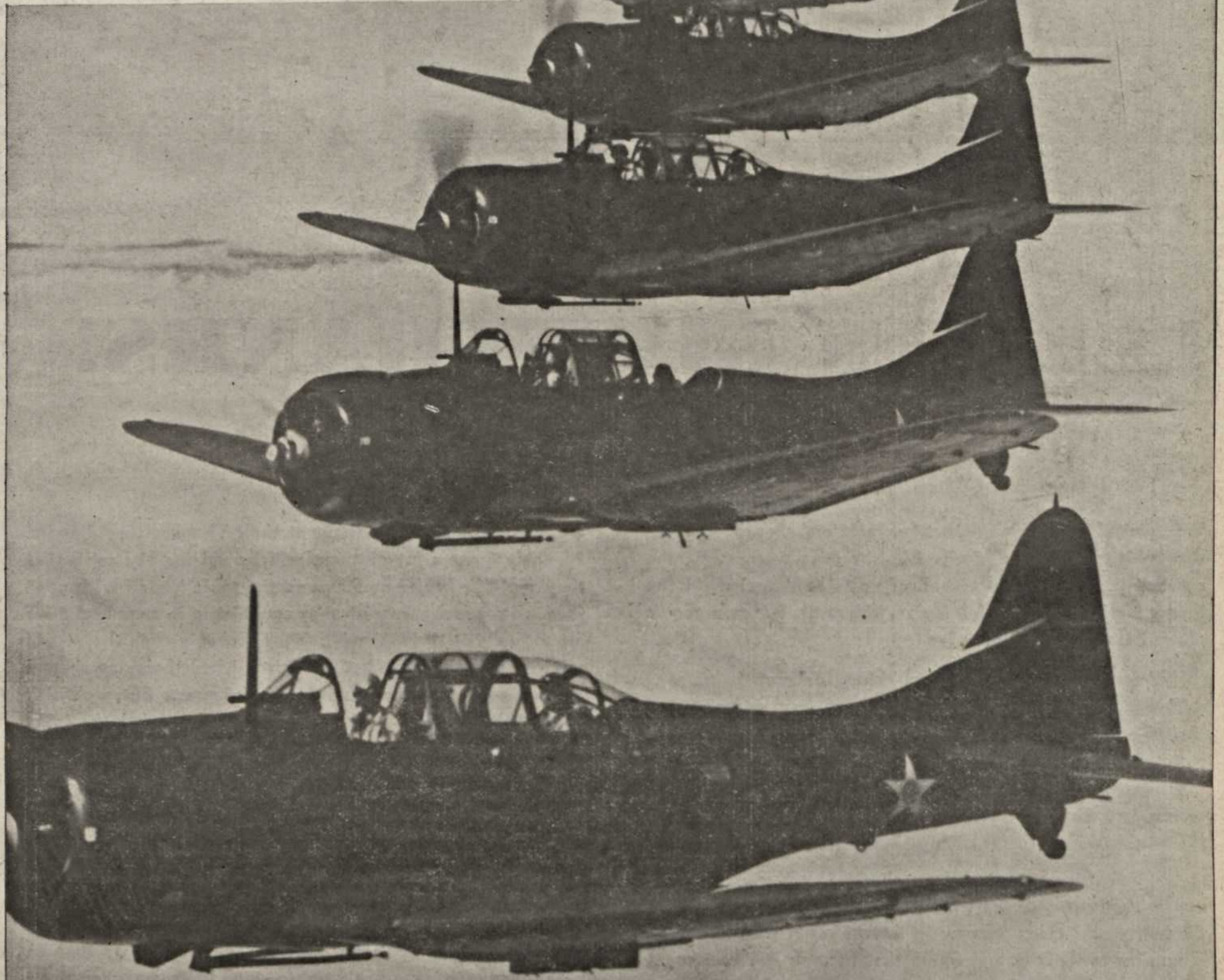
The Official Newspaper of the  
Victory Labor-Management Production  
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## **Navy Bombers on the Job**





# LET US GIVE THANKS!

WE picked out this picture of soldiers' boots trudging through the mud of a foreign land because we thought the sight of it might encourage all of us to realize that, in the happy festive season which is now before us, our own people are putting up a real fight far from home.

A year ago we probably would have decorated this page with a picture of a happy family gathered around the stuffed turkey or a small smiling child sitting down before a mince meat pie. And we would have given thanks for the multiple blessings of our country; we would have noted that, in spite of the fact that there were troubled times in other parts of the world, we were still sitting pretty.

All that is over now. We are in the thick of the greatest war in the history of the world. The recent communiques indicate that the tide may now be turned in our favor. But this is no time to sit back and figure that the war has been won.

The only thing that will win it for us is the greatest and most complete war effort, on the part of every man and woman and child in this vast country of ours. Hitler and Mussolini and Hirohito don't think we've got it in us.

We wonder what the fighting men in far distant lands

are going to be talking about at their Thanksgiving dinners. Probably quite a lot of them will be voicing the wish that they could be back home around the table loaded with good food. They probably wish they could jump in a car and drive around to visit their friends. They probably wish they could roll into a comfortable bed at night without being awakened by the drone of bombers and thunder of guns. But, we'll risk a bet that quite a few of them will ask just what the folks back home are doing to finish this job so that the fighting men can return to their homes and their families. We wonder what the fighting men themselves can find at Thanksgiving time to be thankful for—our guess is that it isn't much. They can probably thank themselves chiefly for the hope that tomorrow will come and with it the long awaited help from the American people.

So, this year, let's cut out the fancy trimmings that go with Thanksgiving. Let's tighten our belts and make our sacrifice along with the fellows who are doing a fighting job. The Thanksgivings of the future are not going to be preserved by forgetting the needs of the present. Let's give thanks that all of us have the courage to face the trials before us, and let's waste no more time in facing them.



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For our cover this month, we have chosen an official United States Navy photograph of dive bombers in echelon formation. You can't fly bombers without copper, and let's never forget it.

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## MAN AWAY FROM HOME.....7

Bill Herbert is one of the many men who has come to Butte to help us produce copper. Bill mined gold for eighteen years with the Homestake, and he's doing a lot besides for the war effort. Let's visit him and say hello.

## HOW ABOUT IT.....8

Let's not let the small gains of our armed forces lull us to sleep. This is going to be a long, tough war. Many of the boys on the fighting fronts are asking whether the folks back home really know how serious this whole situation is, and what they are doing about it.

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Oscar Landet is one of several of the boys at Anaconda who believes in keeping in shooting trim. We paid a visit to Oscar's home and to the Anaconda Rifle and Pistol Club and saw a bunch of marksmen ready to defend the home front if the time ever comes.

## TURN ON THE JUICE.....10

The government needs not only copper but also zinc, and at Great Falls the boys are completing a new electrical sub-station to step up zinc production. Uncle Sam has asked for it and the boys at Great Falls say that Uncle Sam is going to get it.

## TOUGH GUYS.....12

The jungle Commandos are called Bushmasters and they make them tough. And, they lead a hard life manning the defenses of our country.

## BIG SCRAP.....13

In order to supply the many needs of the Company for the war effort, vast amounts of scrap must be gathered. At the Foundry at Anaconda this scrap is converted into many varied uses for the mines, smelter and refinery.

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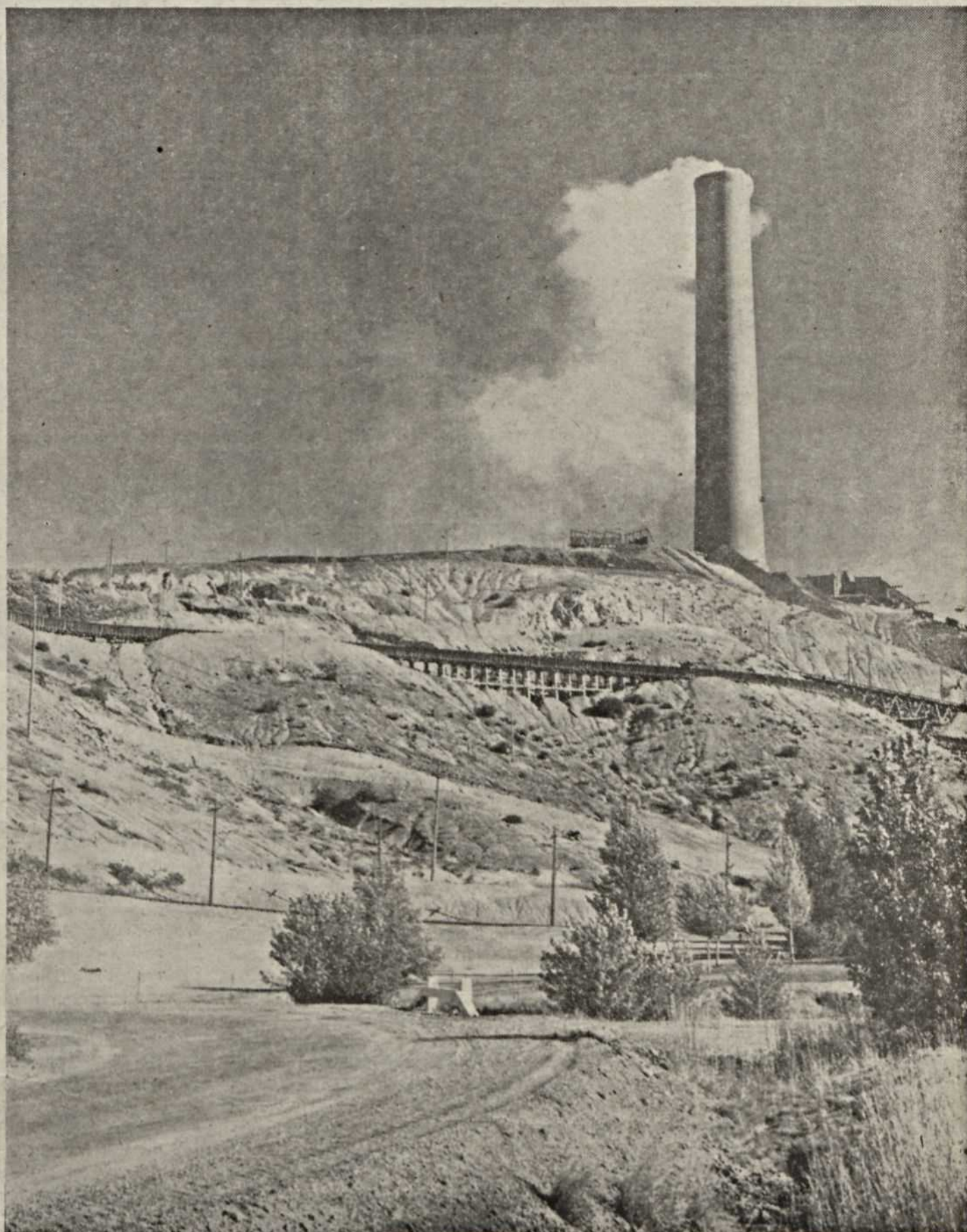
What happens to the finished copper when it leaves Great Falls? We thought you'd like to know so we paid a visit to one of the plants of the American Brass Company and found some of our fellow workers there making shell and cartridge cases. Don't kid yourself, all the copper we dig and smelter and refine is being moved fast to the war fronts of the world. And Uncle Sam needs more and more of it.

COPPER COMMANDO is the official newspaper of the Victory Labor-Management Production Committees of the Anaconda Copper Mining Co., at Butte, Anaconda and Great Falls, Mont.

COPPER COMMANDO is run by a board of nine men, six from Labor and three from Management, chosen by the Labor-Management Committees at the three locations. Its policies are dictated by neither side, but are established by both.

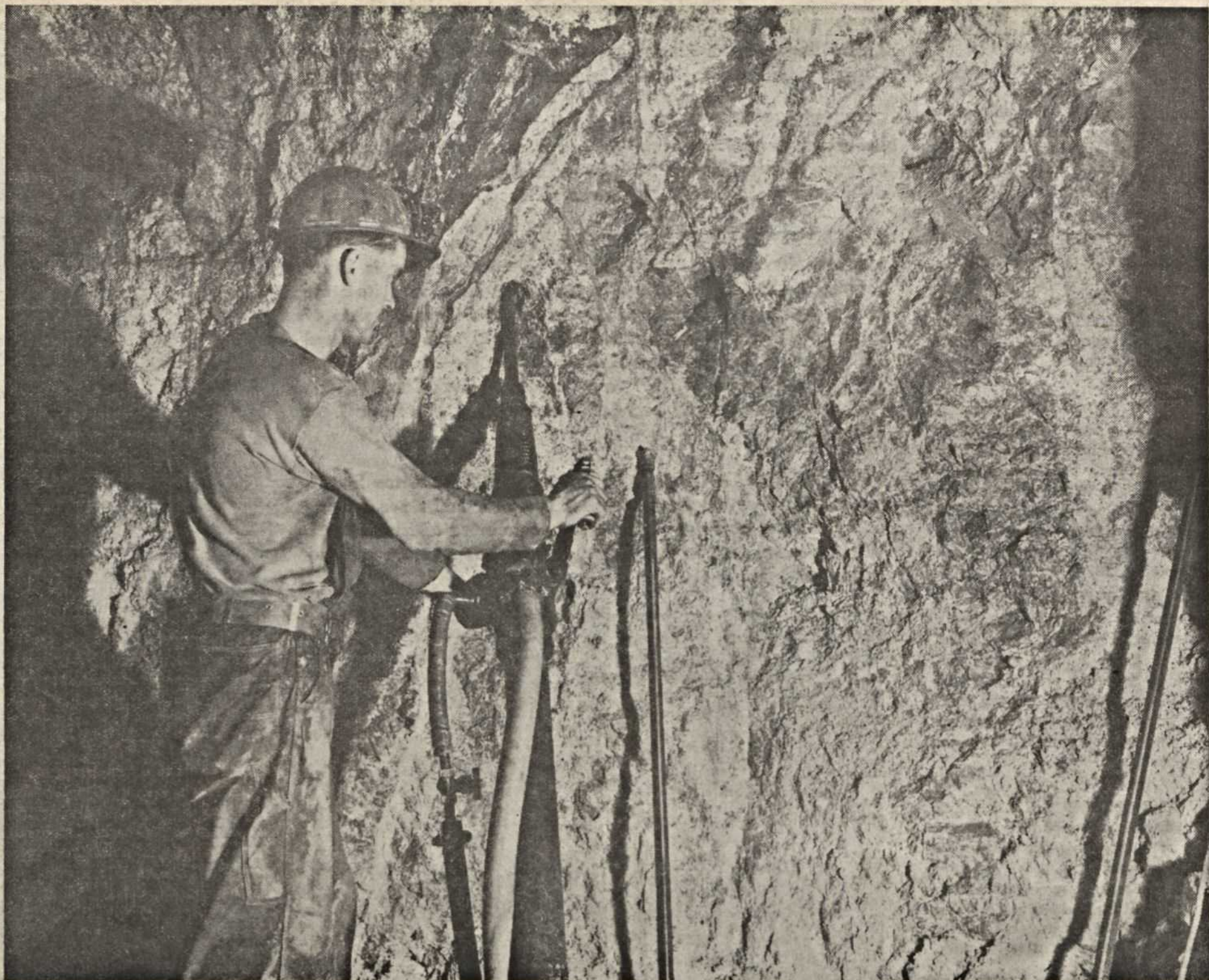
COPPER COMMANDO is edited by Bob Newcomb; its chief photographer is Bob Nesmith. Its associate editor is Marg Sammons. Its safety editor is John Boardman, and its staff photographer is Les Bishop. Its board of editors consists of Denny McCarthy (CIO), John F. Bird (AFL) and Ed Renouard (ACM) from Butte; Tom Murray (CIO) Joe Marick (AFL) and Bayard Morrow (ACM) from Anaconda; Jack Clark (CIO), Herb Donaldson (AFL) and E. S. Bardwell (ACM) from Great Falls.

COPPER COMMANDO has its offices at 112 Hamilton Street, Butte, and the telephone number is 4444. Folks are getting into the habit of dropping in to get acquainted and we like it. Whenever you are in the neighborhood, come on in and say hello to the gang.



An old sight to Anacondans, but a new one to lots of us—the Big Stack





Here's a typical shot of one of the students in one of the student stopes.

# Student Stopes

**Men interested in becoming miners are now given a helpful course at one of many "student stopes." This practical training, which follows a tour of the Mining and Safety Exhibit, starts the new man off on the right foot. Here is a picture story of student stopes and of the fellows who are joining with us to help win the war**

**Photos by LESTER BISHOP**

**F**OR the past two years the Company has been training students. The idea is to give them a good working idea of what mining is like before they actually go to work.

But, in view of the war, it was decided that conditions called for stepping up of training because of the tremendous demand for copper production.

Three issues ago we took you on a picture tour of the Mining and Safety Exhibit, which is located at the old Pennsylvania Mine in Butte, under the direction of Jimmy Doran. This exhibit, as you know, gives a visitor a good general idea of mining operations. But that, of course, is not enough. Today there are a number of "student stopes" in all the mines in Butte. These stopes do not differ from ordinary stopes except that they are manned by the trainees.

The new men first go through the Mining and Safety Exhibit and are then assigned to a student stope at one of the mines.

On the next two pages we show various scenes taken by our staff photographer, Les Bishop, and tell you a little bit more about these new men who are coming in to learn the

mining business and help us win the war. The new men tell us, for the most part, that they find this advance course most helpful—when they are finished at the student stopes, most of them feel that they have a good working knowledge which they can then apply to mining. They realize, of course, that they are not veteran miners when they are finished, but they are off to a flying start. They have a good general picture of the whole operation by then.

If you have a friend interested in aiding the war effort through increasing copper production, tell him to go first to the Butte Mutual Labor Bureau, 815 East Broadway, and obtain a rustling card.

Students will be sent first through the Mining and Safety Exhibit (see COPPER COMMANDO, No. 4, pgs. 4-6). Following this course they interview the hiring foreman at the mine they prefer and are assigned then to a student stope. The course of instruction lasts four to eight weeks, depending upon the man's ability, and includes not only stoping, but other phases of mining. At the end of their training, students are employed as miners in regular work. Students are paid throughout the course of underground instruction.





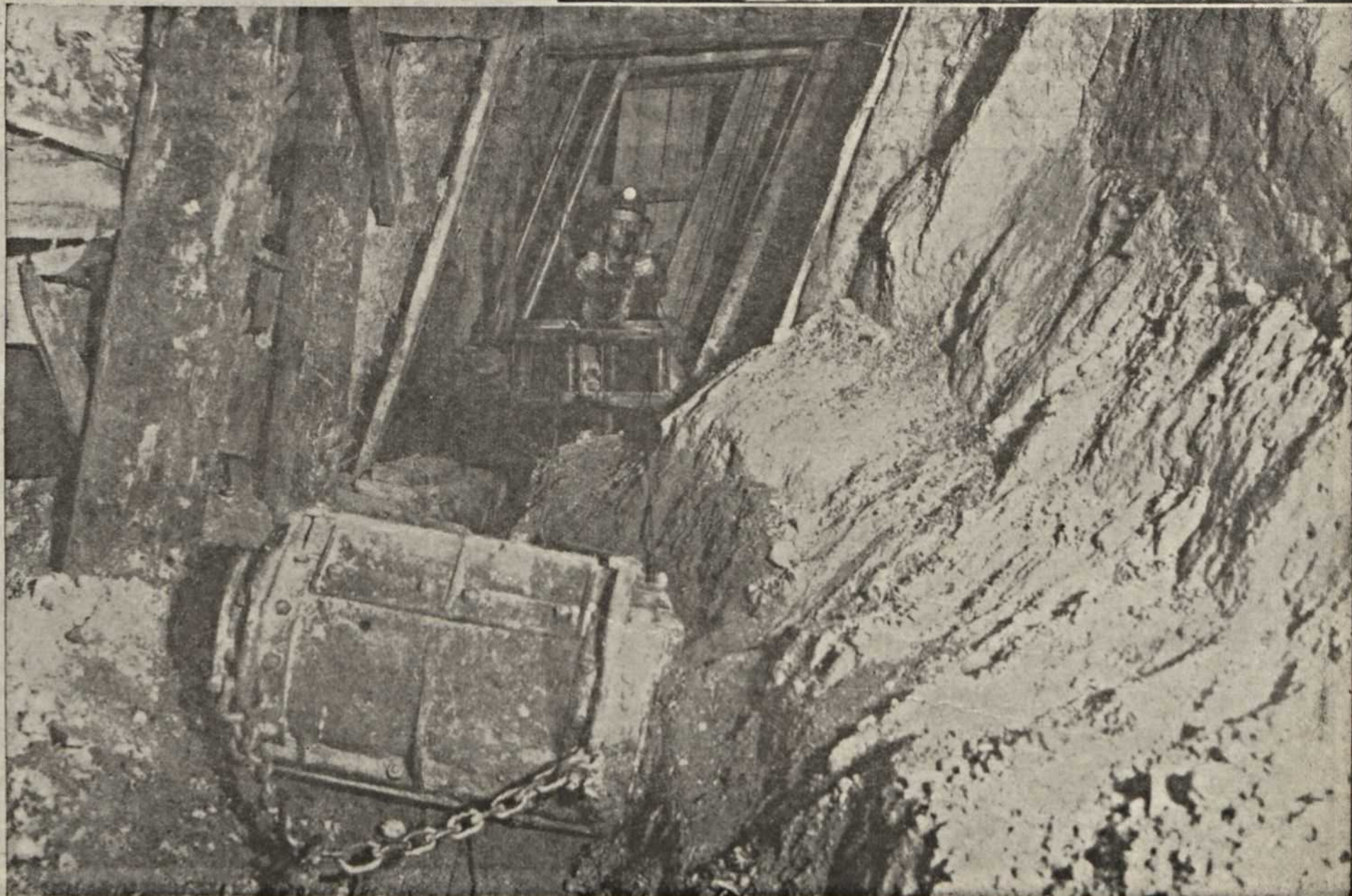
## Student Shots

**H**ERE are some more views of places where men have been assigned to get practical training in mining. At the upper left we find two students installing a set of timber at the Anselmo Mine. The man at the left is Ernest Simon; he used to work in the smelter and has now started to work in a mine. He is shown with William Warren, who has worked two years above ground in Butte. Bill says he "likes mining best."

Over at the right at the top is Foreman E. R. Lyford, who has charge of student stopes; he is ringing the station buzzer to call for the cage. To the right we get an ant's-eye view of the manway at the Anselmo. You are looking straight up. This manway was timbered by students taking instruction there.

Down below Les Bishop got us a fine picture of William R. Paine operating a scraper in a student stope. Bill came to Butte from Minneapolis after spending a year at the University of Minnesota.

You might like to know that the man whose picture appears at the top of this article, which begins on page 4, is Harold Hill. Harold came from Ironwood, Michigan, a community from which many miners have hailed for a great many years. He migrated west and after a course of instruction at the student stopes, following a complete tour of the Mining and Safety Exhibit, he was rated a first-class miner and has now gone to work at the Leonard Mine.







# Student Close-Ups

**H**ERE are six pictures of new men who have gone through the Mining and Safety Exhibit and then moved on to actual mining at student stopes. Some of these men have already graduated into regular jobs at the mines. Nearly all of them say that their training is both good and sound.

At the upper left we have Walferd Hanni, instructing Tom Fitzpatrick how to run an underground team motor. That's Tom in the driver's seat—he was raised in Butte, but lived for a time in Seattle. He has been back here several weeks. Walferd, the instructor, has been running motors in Butte for two years. He says the men take to the new work very readily.

In the center picture above is Monroe W. Dunfee, instructor, showing Harold Peterson how to operate a mechanical loader in a student mine cross-cut. Monroe has been instructing on cars, motors and track for three months, but has worked at the mines for seven years. Harold has been working for six months as a motorman and wants to get drift-

ing and cross-cutting experience. He is a Butte boy.

At the upper right we see Ed Andrews learning to drill with a "buzzie." Ed hails from Ironwood, Michigan, and has been here only a short time. He says he finds the new work most interesting.

Down at the lower left is Harry Kinart, fixing floors in his stope after a blast—this was Harry's fifth shift. He came from Rockford, Illinois; he had no mining experience before. We saw a picture of Harry in our Issue Four going through the Mining and Safety Exhibit.

In the middle picture at the bottom is Jacob Tynnisnaa, Harry's partner. He is shaking down the ore pile after a blast—Jake came here from Marquette, Michigan, where he worked five years in the iron mines.

At lower right we see Carl Kennedy and Frank Sopko placing a "cap" for a set of timber. Carl hails from Seattle; he says this work is fascinating. Frank is from Ironwood, but worked in Milwaukee prior to coming here.







# Man Away From Home

**W**HEN you're a World War veteran yourself and, in addition, have given three stalwart sons to the armed forces, you'd be inclined to figure you're doing your share. But Bill Herbert, who has landed among us from the Homestake Mine in South Dakota, doesn't figure it that way. He reasons that he can help dig copper, too.

Bill got into town only a few weeks ago, part of that group of miners who signed up here from Lead when the gold mines shut down to relieve the pressure on the copper situation here. He's on the job now at the Mountain Con, and even though he finds a lot new about copper mining, he thinks he's getting into the swing of it. At least he's doing his best, and he says the boys at the Con and at other mines he has met are friendly and helpful. They want to win this war, he says, just as much as he does.

William P. Herbert is the full handle, and he's forty-one. He worked eighteen years at the Homestake, with five years during that period as an acetylene welder in Detroit. Bill probably has another record in that, in addition to the

## MAKE THEM WELCOME

Bill Herbert is only one of a growing number of men who have either been furloughed from the Army or who have come here of their own will from other locations to work in the mines of Butte. Some of these men have had mining experience; a few have had none at all.

But they all come here with the honest intention of relieving the labor shortage in the Butte mines so that copper production can be increased. Uncle Sam has asked them to come. Uncle Sam knows that, because of the drainage of experienced miners we have suffered over the past several months, these mines need men and need them badly.

Let's make these fellows feel at home. Bill Herbert is one fellow who says he is getting a very friendly reception from the miners. He says he likes Butte hospitality. Let's make all these men away from home know what Butte hospitality is really like.

three enlisted boys he has given to Uncle Sam, he has two sets of twin boys, eleven and sixteen. His wife is still in Lead, where they have a home, and we dropped in on Bill when he was writing a letter to her. The Herberts have nine children all together.

Bill's oldest boy is Arthur; he is 22 and a staff sergeant with the Air Corps overseas—Arthur enlisted two years ago. Fred, who is 21, went into the Navy a year ago and is now a seaman second class—Fred was in the Coral Sea battle. The youngest boy in service is Ralph, who is twenty, and a ship-fitter, third class, with the Navy.

Bill, as we've remarked, is a World War veteran. He enlisted in April, 1917, only a few days after this country declared war, and served until after the fracas was over, with the 147th Field Artillery. To make the service record complete for the Herberts, Bill will remind you that his daughter, Marguerite, is married to an ambulance driver with the Medical Corps.

Bill had a lucky break in Butte in that he found a welcome home with his sister-in-law and family; they live on La Platte street in Centerville. We found Bill in the kitchen penning a note to his wife, while his niece (also Marguerite—her last name is Labranche) perused her favorite newspaper. Also on hand was George Labranche, Marguerite's brother, who is an engineer in the Engine Room at the Mountain Con.

This visitor from Lead is a stocky fellow of average height, who likes to chin about the mining business, and who smokes a pipe with enjoyment. He takes the war business seriously—after all, he has a right to, considering what he's giving to it. When the gold mines were closed, he said to himself: "I've got a job to do in this mining business, so I'm heading for Butte to mine copper. That's what the country needs now."



# COPPER

# COMMANDO

The Official Newspaper of the  
Victory Labor-Management Production  
Committees at Butte, Anaconda and Great Falls

## How About It?

**R**ECENTLY, at a dinner given in honor of one of the aviation heroes of the war in the Pacific, one of the hecklers in the audience got on his feet after the flier had spoken.

He said: "I wonder, since you are so important in the war effort, just what YOU are doing here talking to us business men?"

The officer rose to his feet and said: "I have been wondering that myself all evening. I have listened to your small talk about your trivial worries; I have listened to your complaints about the state of business; I have listened to your little petty political discussions. And I wish to God I WERE back fighting with the men who are fighting a REAL war.

"You men sit here, with your bellies in your laps, eating much better food than the men on the firing lines get. Yet you seem so wrapped up in your own piddling little concerns that you give no thought to the war EXCEPT AS IT BENEFITS YOU. To answer the gentleman who challenges me, I would like to say that I will be glad to get out of here and get back on the firing line. Perhaps he will be good enough to tell me when the first train or plane leaves. I wish he had the privilege of coming along."

In recent weeks we have been seeing too many evidences of people thinking in terms, not of winning the war, BUT OF HOW THE WAR CAN HELP THEM PERSONALLY. They think in terms of not what they can give to preserve the democracy, but just to what extent they can slow down the wheels of the war effort so that they may enjoy, for a little longer, the fruits of peacetime.

Let's start facing a few facts: THIS IS NOT A PRIVATE WAR, operated by a few men courageous enough to fight our battles. The soldier or sailor who marches off to face possible death is no employee of yours or ours. He has either enlisted because he believes in the preservation of his country or he has accepted a draft because he is man enough to know that the country needs him.

EVERY MAN WHO GOES AWAY RISKS HIS OWN LIFE. It must be small comfort to him to learn, when he is far away in some genuine hot spot, that the folks back home are quibbling over the petty details of their own self-preservation. It must be quite a shock for him to learn that they still wrangle over the free and easy privilege of a peacetime community.

MOST OF US SHOULD BE HEARTILY ASHAMED OF OURSELVES. MOST OF US HAVE GIVEN DAMNED LITTLE TO THIS WAR. TOO MANY OF US, IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT CHEERFUL NEWS, WILL BE INCLINED TO BELIEVE THAT WE HAVE THIS WAR AND CONTINUE TO DO NOTHING.

These are no random sentiments based on guesswork. These are the views of the boys who are fighting our war against heavy odds. They would say to all of us: "Why don't you do a fraction of what we are doing, and we could finish this whole business in pretty short order?"



"They sure would be a sensation if we could just get 'em over to America"

## READERS WRITE

### Family Page

Quite a lot of the wives and families of the folks in Butte think that a family page with recipes and household hints would make interesting reading for the folks. COPPER COMMANDO so far has been very interesting to many families I know among the miners but I thought it would be a good idea if you would start a family page. Please give this suggestion some thought.

**SHIRLEY McKINNON**  
Butte

The daughter of Buzz McKinnon of the Butte Miners' Union has come through with a real idea. We will look into this immediately and hope that in a few issues we will work up something that will be interesting to all of you.

If anybody else has any suggestions for a family page, let's have them.  
EDITOR

### Thanks a Lot

Please change my address on the COMMANDO.

**E. F. O.**  
Great Falls

Thanks a lot for letting us know. We have quite a bit of trouble in keeping our mailing list up to date and it is not yet in the shape we would like to have it. When you move, drop a post card to COPPER COMMANDO, 112 Hamilton Street, Butte, and let us know about it. A good many of the complaints about non-delivery arise from the fact that when people change their locations they fail to notify us.  
EDITOR

### Are We Complacent?

While a lot of people in Montana will say that we are doing everything we should for the war effort, I doubt that we are yet war conscious. For my fellow Montanans I will say that we are inland and that, because we have no war activity near us, the war is not brought close home to us. I think that articles such as "A Dying Jap Speaks" which appeared in your issue of October 7, is the type of thing that will make us see how important winning this war is.

Please give us more material of this kind, but do not change the COMMANDO because it is excellent.

**VOX POP**

This is one of many favorable comments we have had on "A Dying Jap Speaks." Most of us realize the seriousness of this war and your editors feel that material of this kind will help bring the war issues closer home to us. Naturally it is pleasing to us to know that so many of our readers agree.  
EDITOR





## Shoot the Works!

**O**UT at the Anaconda Rifle and Pistol Club the boys figure that a good marksman is an asset to his country.

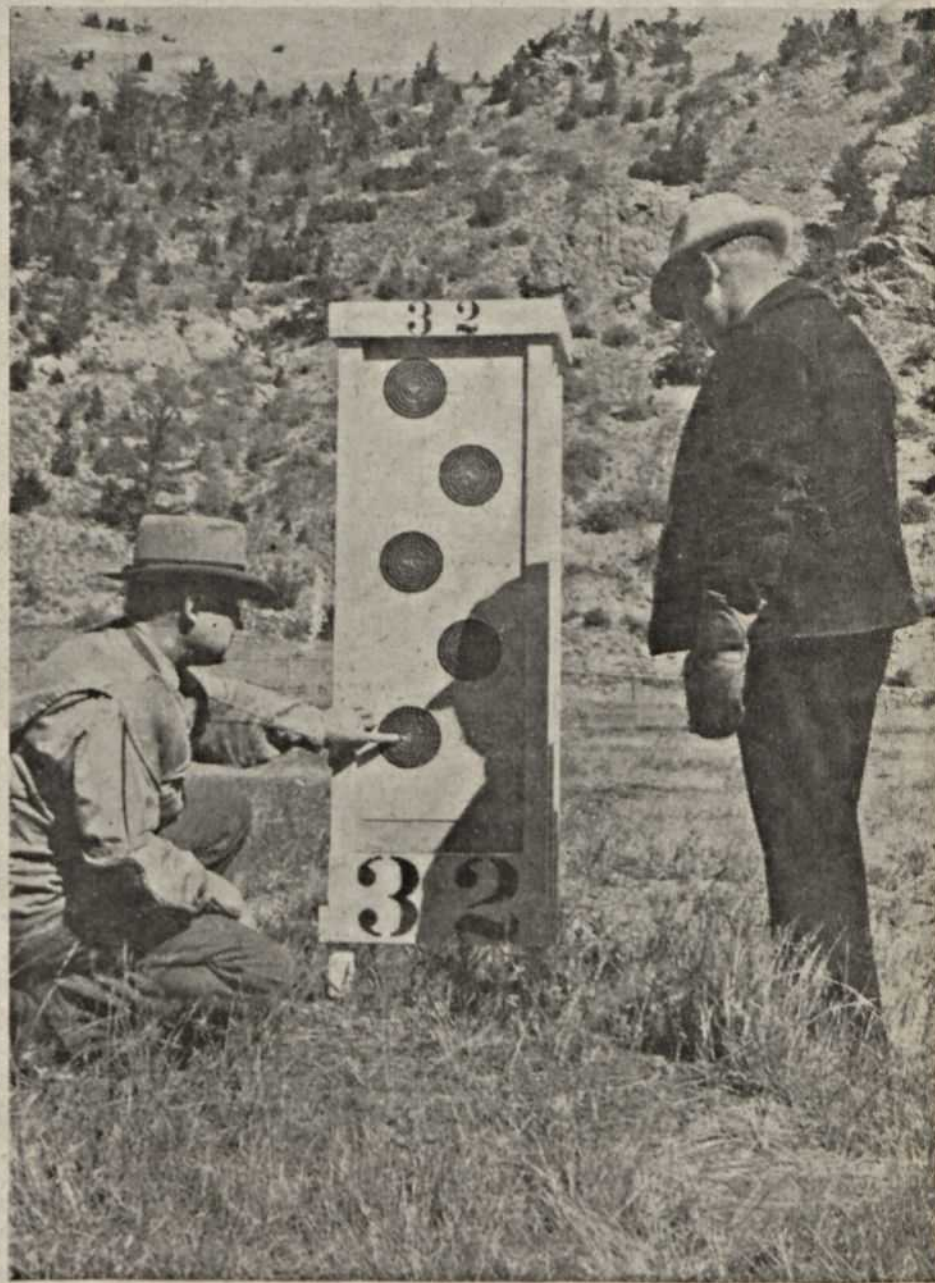
Oscar Landet, metallurgical clerk in the Engineering Department at the Smelter, is one of the prime movers of the Club, and he has won more medals and cups than you can shake a stick at. We dropped in on him at his home a few weeks ago and later joined him on a visit to the Rifle and Pistol Club a few miles out of Anaconda, where some of the best shots you could hope to see practice regularly.

Oscar, who was born in Anaconda, has worked in practically every branch of the copper industry—not only in Montana but in Arizona, Wyoming and Utah. He won his first medal at Fort Missoula in 1928—he has been shooting since about 1926 in matches. He is equally skilled with pistol or rifle but he shoots a .22 rifle now on which he has a telescopic sight. One of his prizes is for a perfect score target—ten out of ten shots.

The Club nestles in a valley between two peaks and is maintained by the Club members, all of whom chip in and work hard to keep the place looking right.

Mrs. Landet, while she doesn't shoot herself, is interested in Oscar's hobby and encourages him in it. She seems to take more pride in his many medals and cups than Oscar does himself.

One reason why he believes so firmly in gun practice is because he thinks it is excellent training for boys and young men. Oscar says: "I think we ought to have in this country some form of compulsory training with firearms for boys and young men. It's a cinch that, if we had had some sort of program in our schools, we would not be in the position of having to teach shooting to our soldiers today. Becoming a good marksman isn't tough—it takes patience and steady nerves. We fellows at the Club feel that, by keeping up our rifle practice without using materials needed for war, we are preparing ourselves to protect the home front if the need ever arises. Furthermore, if the Army ever wants a bunch of us old guys to jump in and help in this scrap, I think we have got the stuff to do it."







# Turn on the Juice!

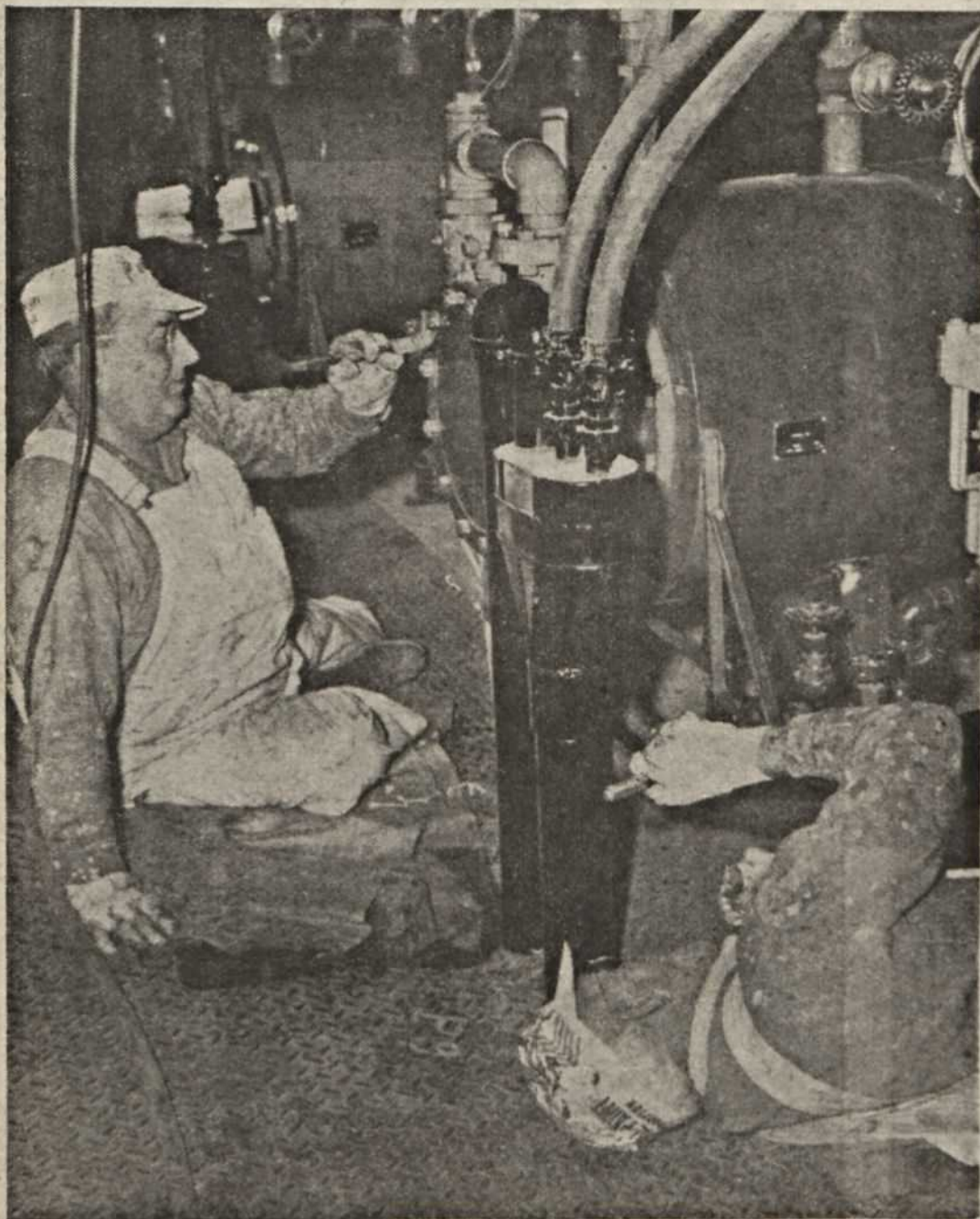
The war effort needs zinc, too, and up at Great Falls a new electrical sub-station is being rushed to early completion to step up the power in the Electrolytic Zinc Plant

AS most of us know, copper is not the only vital war material we are asked to deliver in great quantities. Zinc has many uses in the war effort, and the boys engaged in the zinc side of the industry deserve not only a pat on the back for the fine job they are doing but also the rest of us need to remember that zinc is highly important in the war effort.

Up at Great Falls the boys have been busy building a new sub-station to increase power for the Electrolytic Zinc Plant. In a nutshell the idea here is to step up the power so that the production of zinc in the plant can be increased for the war effort by increasing the capacity of the zinc electrolyzing.

Our more technical readers would like to know that they are adding eight mercury arc rectifying units to the present rotary converters. They will be operated in parallel with the present rotaries.

At the present time the rotaries are putting out 10,000 amperes each; when these rectifiers or ignitrons in the new sub-station are completed, the output of each rotary will be





increased by 3,000 amperes. The rectifiers are newly developed—they were originated about 1937.

You don't need to be an electrician to understand that this addition of power will mean a great deal to the Electrolytic Zinc Plant, where the government is watching operations closely and asking for more and more zinc.

The new sub-station is a spotlessly clean place where the boys are very busy putting the finishing touches on the job. The sub-station will be completed and hooked up in just a few days.

We started off with our pencil, pad and Bob Nesmith, our cameraman, to get a shot of Rudy Polich and Ray Stanich (you can see them up at the upper left hand corner of page ten) pulling wire into the junction box. That's Rudy on the left and Ray on the right. These electricians are doing a bang-up job on a complicated piece of electrical installation.

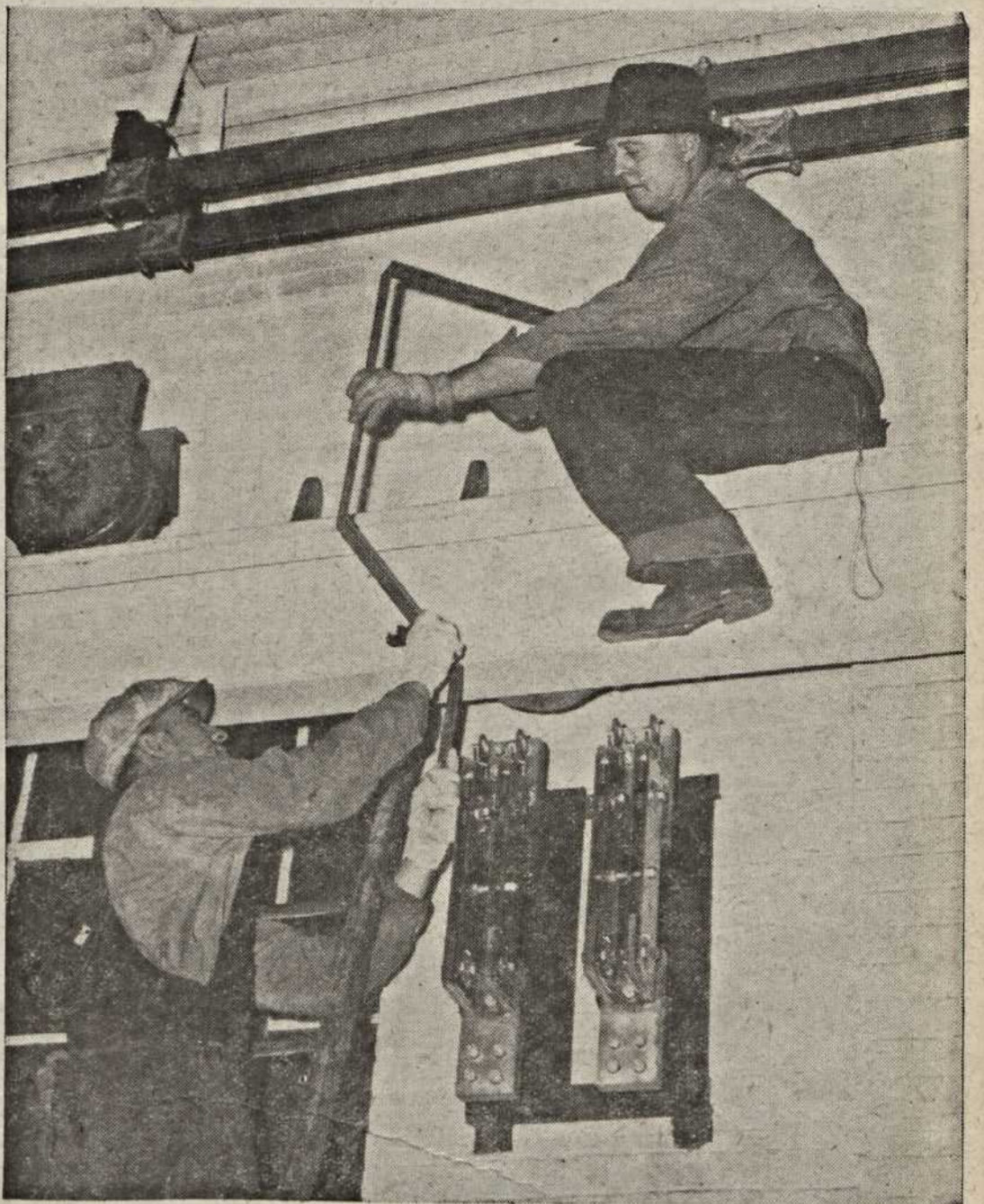
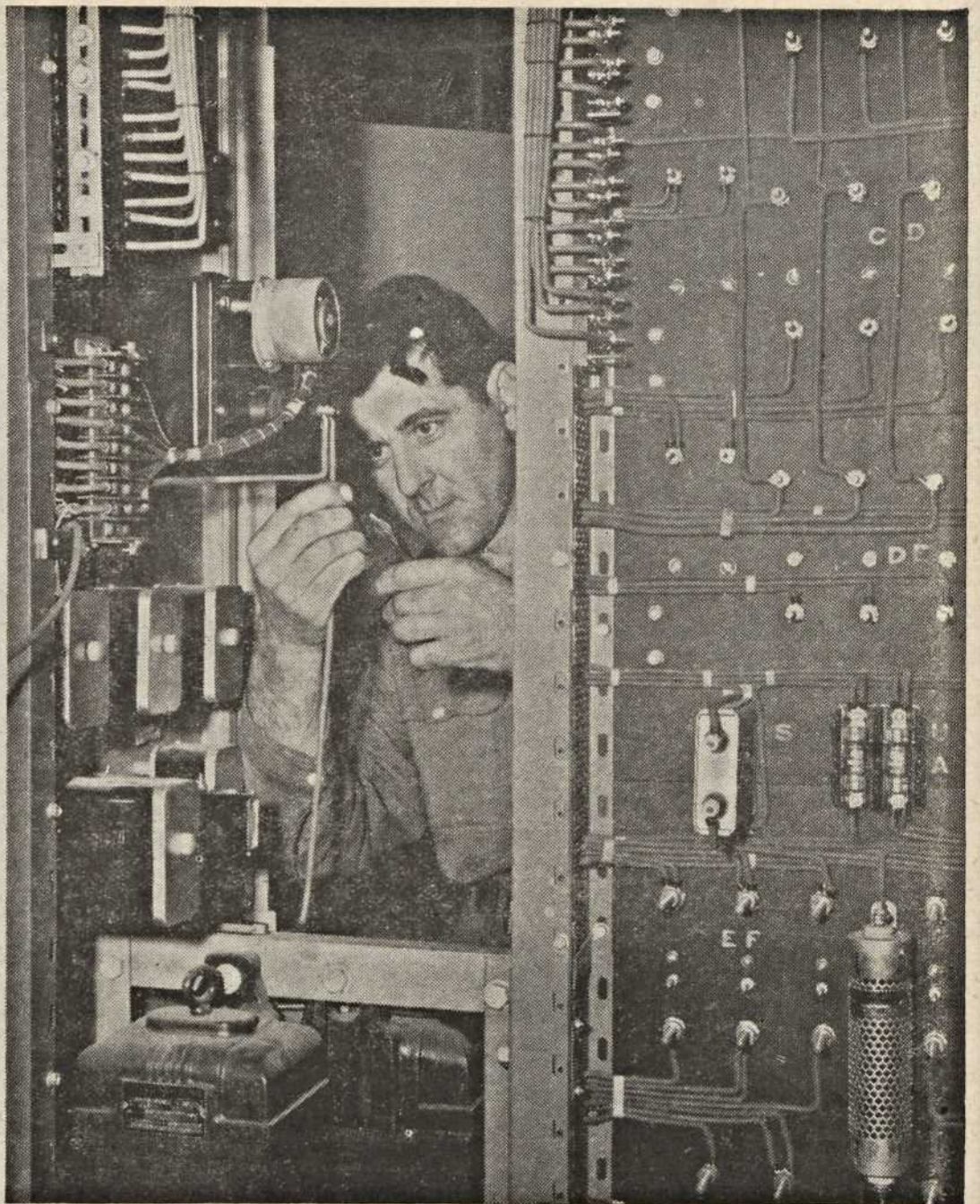
Down below at the right on the same page you can get another idea of the complexity of this job by having a look at Percy Cox. We caught him sitting on the floor doing a wiring job on part of the control panel.

While this is chiefly an electrical job, it takes experts of all kinds to complete it and this job won't be finished until the paint has been applied. That's how we happened to grab a snapshot of two of the painters working at the new sub-station and you can see them at work in the lower left hand picture on page ten. That's F. W. Larson at the left and the man lying on the floor, doing a tricky piece of painting, is C. W. Kisselburg.

Our photographer happened to pass Silvio Tinelli as he was hooking up the rectifier control panel. We got a shot of Silvio through the board. Silvio told us that this was not a particularly tough job—he has enjoyed working on it and likes to see the sub-station coming to life. Down below, in the lower left hand corner on page eleven, you'll see two of the electricians hooking up a conduit in the pit. The picture was taken quite a distance above them to give you an idea of the type of spot these boys work in. At the bottom of the picture is electrician Ted Jordan—that's his helper, Rodger Dunlop, at the top.

At the right we find Earl Weber and Dick Hurst.

Nice going, boys, and we'll be seeing more of you soon.







# Tough Guys!

**A jungle Commando is called a Bushmaster. He's tough. When you talk of a hard life, think of the guys living it the hard way**

**T**HIS modern war has created many new forms of fighting. We have all heard of the Commandos and the Rangers and the Bombardiers; now step up and meet the Bushmasters.

These Bushmasters are rough, tough guys. They concentrate their fighting in the jungles, where they must fight their way through jungle mud and tropical marshes. Few men in our fighting forces have tougher assignments than the Bushmasters, who must fight their way every inch through the dense bush country.

Over at the left you get an idea of how tough the going can be. This is a hot country and the walking is mighty difficult, as you can see.

In the picture below we see these crack jungle Commandos attacking.

Probably none of us envy the job these fellows have to do. They are all looking to us for the materials of war they need, so that they can leave the jungles behind them and return to their homes and families.

The pressure is on the United States to provide more and more tools of war, because the amounts we are sending to the outposts of the world to support our Allies are not anywhere near sufficient. It may be true that we will win this war in the long run, but delays in supplying our men will mean greater and greater loss of life.





# Big Scrap

**Scrap is needed for the mines, smelter and refinery, too—a vast pile at Anaconda is being converted all the time to their uses**

**W**E'VE all been hearing a lot about scrap salvage lately, and the folks at Great Falls and Anaconda and Butte have been doing a splendid job in getting out scrap for the war effort.

Perhaps you would like to know that a great deal of scrap is salvaged by the Company itself for use in its own operation—this scrap comes to the Foundry at Anaconda and all of it is used for Company operations—it is converted into equipment for the mines, the smelter and the refinery. Between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 pounds a month is brought into the Foundry Department at Anaconda to be converted into many items of equipment for Company use.

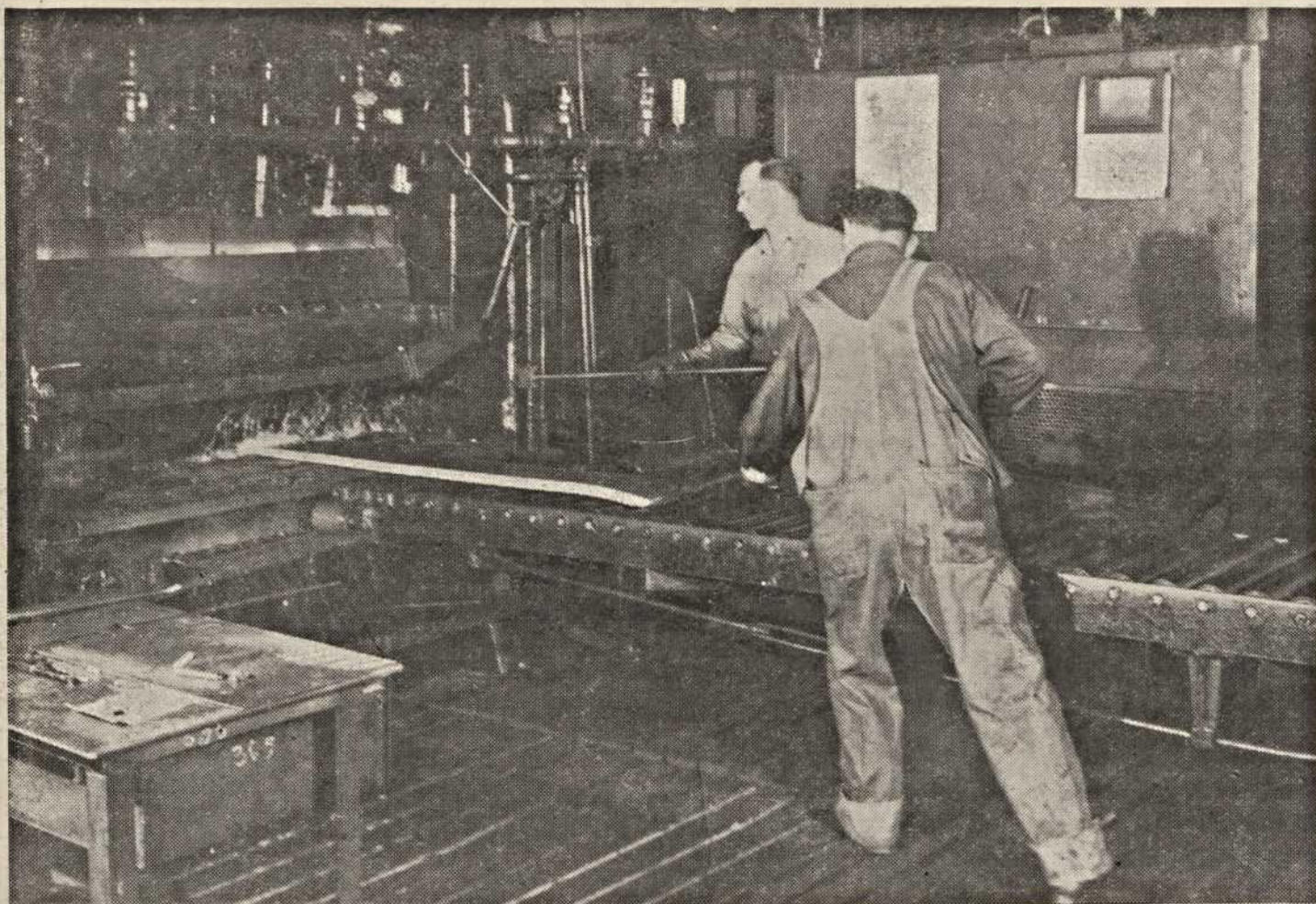
At the right, we find two burners, D. J. Villian and Ed Sletton, beside one of the largest piles of scrap at the Foundry Department; in the picture below you get another shot of D. J. and Ed looking at another section of the pile.

Down below we see the huge magnetized crane lifting scrap from one of the piles beside the Foundry. The man in the cab is a Brown Hoist operator—unfortunately we couldn't get him in the picture but we figured we'd let you know his name—Burl Hughes. That's Wendell Peterson, his helper, standing in the foreground.

Among the many things which the scrap is turned into are chilled cast iron grinding balls for the Hardinge mills at Anaconda; up to half a million pounds of gray iron are used for the liners of the mills; the scrap goes into repair parts for machinery at the concentrators, roasters, and other plants at Anaconda; air conditioning equipment, heat absorbers and radiator assemblies for the Butte mines; castings for anode molds, gears, gear pinions, etc., for the reduction works at Great Falls. These are only a few of the vast number of uses to which this scrap is put each month.







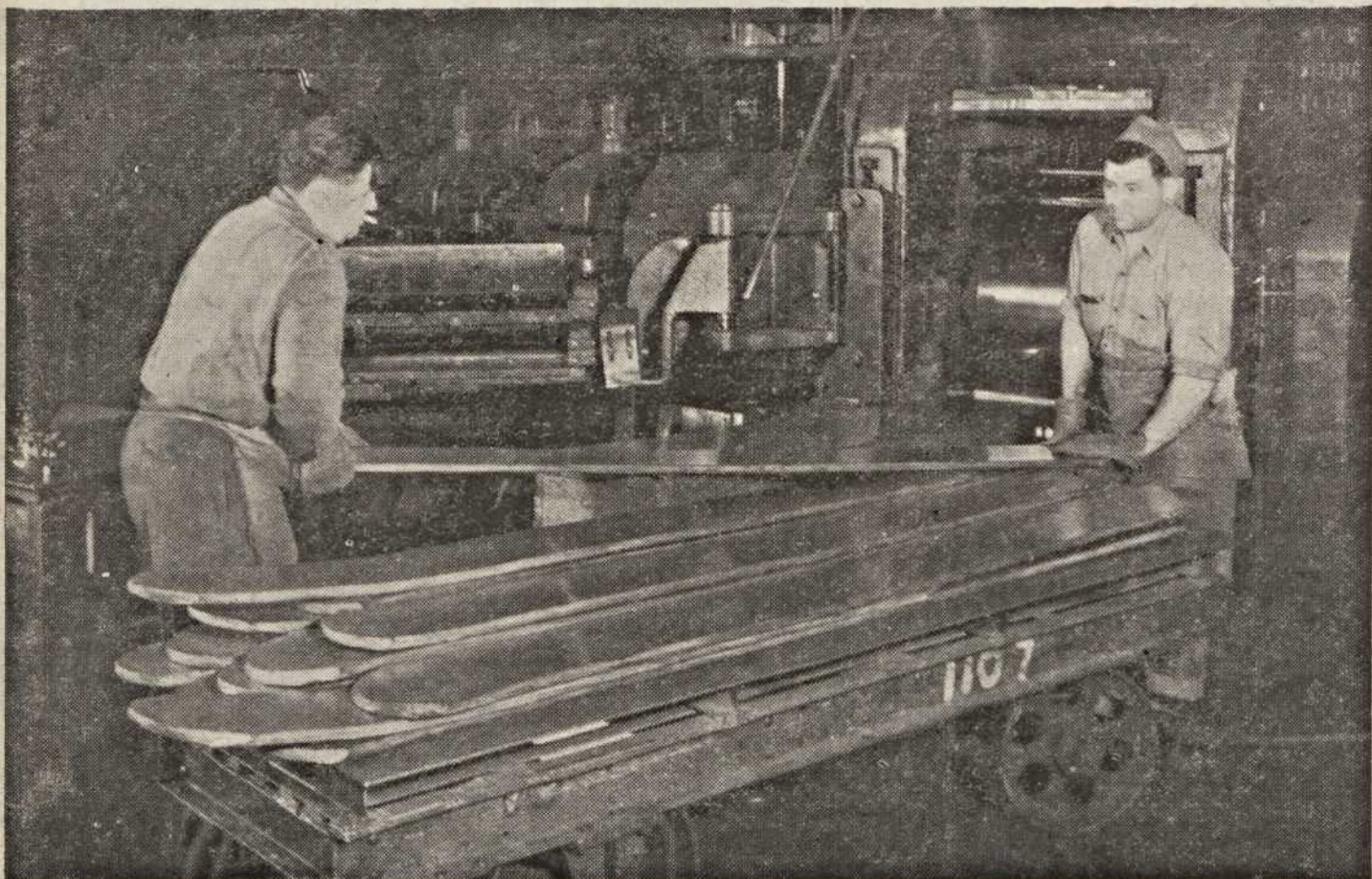
## Where Does Copper Go?

**W**ELL, for one thing it goes into shell and cartridge cases, and we thought you folks who dig the ore and smelter it and refine it would like to see copper doing one of its many jobs to help win the war.

Here are some views taken in one of the plants of the American Brass Company. Because it is a military secret we cannot tell you where it is located, but that doesn't matter.

In the upper left hand picture, we find two American Brass employees—Walter Maciejewski and Karl Daum. This operation is known as hot rolling and it reduces cast brass bars in the production of strip metal for cartridge cases. In the picture in the center we got a good close-up view of two other men—get acquainted with Gregory Laino and Steve Szoka. This operation is known as cold rolling and intermediate annealing, which produces the finished strip from which brass discs are stamped.

Down in the lower left hand corner, we have a look at Richard Clark. Dick is operating a powerful punch press in a plant of the American Brass Company. This press stamps out the brass discs which will be shaped in the shell cases. And, in the lower right we see this material on which all of us—we miners from Butte, smelters from Anaconda, refiners from Great Falls—have worked in company with the fellows from the American Brass Company. In case you'd like to know, that's an official United States Army Signal Corps photo, showing the gun being placed. After unlimbering the gun, the men lower the platform supports and get the gun ready to fire. So that's where your products are going, fellows—to the big guns and big tanks and big bombers.







#### THE FIREBUG'S CHANT

Between the night and the day shift,  
When the ghosts come out to play,  
And your footsteps echo down the drift,  
In a spooky sort of way.

When you're all alone with just your thoughts,  
And you know nobody's around,  
And you're punching the keys in deserted spots,  
And you jump at the slightest sound.

When you go through the stopes and the powder smoke  
Hangs heavy in the air,  
And you cough and sneeze and damn near choke,  
And you breathe a silent prayer.

When at last you've made your lonely trip,  
And you're out on the station once more,  
You say, as you listen to the banging skip,  
"There's my patriotic chore!"

BRUCE "ROY" MASON

(A firebug as most of us know, is the fellow who goes through the mine after shift to detect signs of fire.—Editor.)

A man who ran for sheriff got 55 votes out of 3,500, and the next day he walked down Main Street with two guns hanging from his belt. "You were not elected, and you have no right to carry guns," fellow-citizens told him.

"Listen, folks," he replied, "a man with no more friends than I've got in this county needs to carry guns."

A kindly visitor was one day going through an insane asylum. Presently he saw a fellow sitting beside a flower bed, fishing with his line dropped among the plants. Thinking to humor the patient, the visitor asked, "How many have you caught so far, my poor fellow?"

"You're the ninth today," he said.

Mother: "Really, daughter, you shouldn't go out with men that you have not been formally introduced to."

Daughter: "But ma, what difference does it make—they both act the same way when you get out with them."

#### Take a Bow!

Readers of COPPER COMMANDO will be interested, we believe, to know that the men at Butte, Anaconda and Great Falls are being nationally recognized.

The work of the Labor-Management Committee of the three locations in sponsoring COPPER COMMANDO brought a rave two weeks ago from "Business Week," one of the country's leading business publications.

The article reproduced three pages from COPPER COMMANDO. The fellows whose pictures were featured are John Knighly, Butte; Mike Lescantz, Anaconda; Ed Lassila, Great Falls. That was the cover page of issue one. From issue two there were two pages used—the "Meet the Union" page and the "Here Comes the Ore!" page. The Unions shown were the Butte Miners Union, CIO, and the AFL representatives at Anaconda. Bill Bowling of Anaconda was shown in the ore unloading pictures.

"Could you give a hungry man a bite to eat?" asked a tramp at the door of a tavern called "George and the Dragon."

"No, positively no," snapped the landlady, slamming the door.

Soon the tramp was back and again the landlady came to the door.

"Could I have a few words with George?" asked the hungry man.

Contractor: "Son, what would you like for your birthday?"

Billy (aged 5): "A baby sister."

Contractor: "Your birthday is only two weeks away. I can't get one in time."

Billy: "But, papa, couldn't you put more men on the job?"

Pa: "I think I'll have to go downstairs and send Nancy's young man home."

Ma: "Now, Elmer, don't be hasty. Remember how we used to court."

Pa: "For gosh sakes; I hadn't thought of that. Out he goes."

Manager (to new stenog): "I hope you fully recognize the importance of punctuation."

N. S.: "Sure, I always get to work on time."

#### Hail Great Falls!

We're mighty proud to tell you that Great Falls, too, crashed through with an over-the-top 100 per cent participation in the voluntary Payroll Allotment Plan for the purchase of War Bonds and Stamps.

Each and every one of the 1,757 men employed in the Great Falls Reduction Works is buying War Bonds regularly. A specified amount of each weekly pay check will be withheld. Each man, individually, each week will take a punch at the snoot of the Axis.

These soldiers of production are fighting on their own front night and day by producing copper and other vital war materials. They know the boys on the other front need—and must have—supplies for the firing lines. These men are doing all in their power to furnish these supplies. But that is not enough for the boys at Great Falls. They want to do more. They realize the need for money to keep those guns firing and the ships flying.

Remember in the September 23 issue of COPPER COMMANDO when we told you that Anaconda had gone over the top? At that time we also told you that Great Falls was not far behind in the 100 per cent representation in the purchase of War Bonds and Stamps. Then there were eighteen reported not buying. Now these eighteen have joined the other boys and are going to keep right on buying bonds regularly. They say buying War Bonds is not a sacrifice, but a sacrifice-aid. They back up their statement with their 100 per cent record.

You know it is one thing to go over the top and another thing to keep on going over the top, which is just what the boys on the firing lines must do. We must all keep right on buying Bonds regularly, and if it's at all possible we must allot even more than the specified ten per cent of our wages each week. Only in this way can we keep those punches headed at the head of the Axis.

Marine: "Can you read my mind?"

Sadie: "Yes."

Marine: "Well, go ahead."

Sadie: "No, you go ahead."

#### THE MINER'S SONG

I have stoped in Arizona,  
In Colorado, too,  
Drove drift in California,  
And also in Peru.  
I have raised in old Nevada  
And did it full of mirth—  
But I'd rather earn my living  
On the Richest Hill on Earth.

I've mined silver at Eureka—  
Worked in the Iron Range,  
Dug coal in Oklahoma  
To get a little change.  
I've been in some warm places  
To decrease my growing girth,  
And I'd rather earn my living  
On the Richest Hill on Earth.

I've run motor in the Belmont—  
Timbered in the Elm Orlu,  
The cages in the Leonard,  
And worked in the Mountain View,  
I've wandered o'er the country  
Far from my family's hearth—  
But I'd rather burrow deeper  
In the Richest Hill on Earth.

Now the hanging's getting heavy  
For I've toiled for many a year,  
And I like to sit in taverns  
Tanking up on bottled beer.\*  
But now that there's a war on  
And of miners there's a dearth—  
I'll stay and produce copper  
On the Richest Hill on Earth.

GEORGE TEMPERLEY

\*Last time we did it we missed a shift.—EDITOR.

Robin Redbreast: "Who's the guy on that park bench, down there?"

Mrs. Ditto: "He's the bozo who shot at us yesterday."

The Baby: "Well, wot are we waitin' for?"

Interne: "Have you a chart of that young man's progress?"

Pretty Nurse (blushing): "No, but I can show you my diary."

Jones: "Smith left the banquet table last night when Brown started telling a dirty story."

Mrs. Jones: "How noble of him! What was the story?"

Parson: "But, Tom, I can't pray for your floating kidneys. I can only pray for spiritual things."

Tom: "But, Reverend, I call to mind that last Sunday you prayed for the loose livers."





William Stanaway



Patrick Stenson



Elmer Vicary



Thomas Richards



Guy E. Stalker

## Accidents Cause Loss of Copper Production

Mining is listed as a hazardous occupation. The miner is subjected to nearly all of the ordinary risks of industry in addition to the dangers of loose rock and inadequate lighting. Yet we know positively that accidents in mines are preventable, and that by skillful work and by care and caution, they can be reduced to a minimum.

The accidental injury rate of the Butte mines in 1939 was only three-quarters of what it was in 1929, and the accident rate of 1942, for the first nine months, was only two-thirds as high as it was in 1939. Or, if we wish to compare the first nine months of 1942 with the year 1929, we find that the rate for the first nine months of 1942 was almost exactly one-half as high as the rate for 1929.

Someone must be responsible for this very gratifying accomplishment. If we say that accidents are prevented by skillful work and by care and caution, then this better rate must be due to the fact that a whole lot of Butte miners have been more skillful, more careful, and more cautious, and so we looked around to find some of these skillful, careful and cautious men; and we found a lot of them. Some have not had an accident for a year, some for five years, or ten, or twenty years. But we had space for only a few, and we asked five of them who have never had a lost-time accident to permit the use of their pictures in **COPPER COMMANDO**. Here they are:

William Stanaway, now employed at the St. Lawrence Mine, has been continuously employed in the Butte mines since 1907, filling every job about the mines.

Patrick Stenson, employed as a watch miner at the Badger State Mine, came to Butte from Ireland in 1908, and has worked in Butte mines uninterruptedly at general mining work.

Elmer Vicary started his work in Butte in 1921, and is now driving a drift at the Leonard Mine. He has filled every job in the mines.

Thomas Richards started his Butte mining career in 1913. He is now a shaft miner at the St. Lawrence Mine. He has worked in every mining job.

Guy E. Stalker has been employed by the Company continuously in Butte for the past twenty-six years. He is now a shaft miner at the Tramway Mine. He has filled all the jobs about the mines.

Each of these men has gone through all of the daily hazards of the mining game. Their records are not due to employment on the less hazardous jobs. Therefore, we asked each one of them to make a brief statement of what he considered the reason he had worked so many years at mining and yet never met with an accident. When we put these statements together to get the common meaning of all of them into a few sentences, they agree that success in safety depends upon a man being careful all of the time. Keep the working place clean and orderly. Think about the job to be done, and take no unnecessary chances; and even when a chance must be taken, provide the best possible means of getting out of the way if an accident, such as a falling rock, happens.